

his pipe too. But I said, "No, my boy ; you help here." I had an armful of crockery as I spoke, which I was taking to wash up. Looking rather hurt, he followed me into the kitchen, carrying a teaspoon. "I don't see why I should do all this," he said, as we were washing up. "Don't you, my boy ?" I said, sharply. "And do you see any reason for me doing it ?" He did not answer. "It may not be one of the things you learnt at Sandhurst," I continued, "but when you've been engaged in this campaign a little longer, you'll discover that if you don't bally well shift for yourself you'll starve."

He was a good boy all the same, and got a bullet through the knee leading his men at —, and is a guest of the Kaiser now.

For lunch we had a Mc'Conochie. Mc'Conochie is a form of tinned stew, and very succulent if properly cooked, as vegetables and a rich gravy are contained in the tin. The usual way is to put the tin in a saucepan of boiling water, let it boil for a while, and then take it out and open it. However, that day as we were in a hurry—we had had orders to take over the Westshires' trenches at midnight